

The Cheesy Stuff by lame0

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Summary:

You're home from college for the summer and you can't wait to see Steve. Especially when you get the vibe that he may have something to ask you. Luckily he's invited you out to watch the sunset, so there's ample time to hear what he has to say!

The Cheesy Stuff

Author's Note:

hi! just a little daydream i decided to make into a one shot :) i was a bit hasty in writing it, so hopefully it's somewhat fleshed out lol
enjoy <3

"Y/n!" your mom calls up the stairs, "Steve's on the phone!"

You shoot out of your bed and walk over to your dresser.

"Thanks mom!" you call out before picking up the receiver, "Hi! I was just about to call-"

"Why didn't you tell me you were back?" Steve practically shouts into the phone.

You pull the phone away from your ear for a moment and chuckle, "As I was *saying*, I was just about to call you. I got back literally like ten minutes ago"

You pick up the base of your phone and move it over to your bedside table, and lay back down on your bed.

"Well are you free to hang out tonight?" Steve asks eagerly.

You look over at the pile of stuff you have yet to unpack... you should definitely get started on that, "Yeah totally. Where at?"

"I was thinking we could take a drive," Steve says, sounding a bit nervous. Unusual, but not in a bad way, "I have a cool spot to watch the sunset"

You cock an eyebrow at his words, "It's not the lookout is it?"

That would certainly be a bit too forward. You two have only been... a *thing* for a few months. And most of it has been long distance, you two haven't even gotten the chance to have your first kiss.

"No! No, nothing like that," Steve says quickly, "It'll be tame, I swear"

"*Alright Harrington,*" you say with a teasing smirk, and narrowed eyes, "No funny business"

"No funny business," he laughs back, "You know I'm not that kinda guy"

You snort in response.

"*Any more,*" Steve corrects. You can almost hear him rolling his eyes through the phone.

"So what time?" you ask, an excited grin making its way onto your face.

"Uhhh... nine?" he suggests, more like a question.

"Um, that's when the sun sets, so are you picking me up before then?" you ask.

"Oh shit," Steve says into the line, "I'll pick you up at 8:30 ish then?"

"Sounds good," you smile, "See you then"

And with that you say your goodbyes and hang up, immediately walking over to your suitcase to pick out an outfit. It's only five right now, giving you plenty of time to shower off the car ride and get ready.

8:25 rolls around right as you're putting in your earrings. You grab your wallet and house key before making your way down the stairs. You sweep past your moms, who are watching some kiddy cartoon on TV with your little brother.

"Going out with Steve," you say, reaching for the door, "Hopefully I won't be back too late"

"He can come in if he wants, hon!" your mom says, turning to look at you.

"That's okay, we gotta make sure we don't miss sunset," you explain cheerfully.

"Okay, have fun!" your other mom calls after you.

You wave at your little brother as you close the door, and practically skip down your driveway. Just as you make it to the end, you see Steve's BMW make the turn onto your street.

He hastily puts his car in park, jumps out of the drivers seat, and races around the front of it. He puts his hand on the hood of the car and leaps forward to pull you into a tight hug, practically spinning you around as you laugh into his t-shirt.

"I've missed you!" you say, muffled by his shoulder.

"God, I've missed you too," Steve says, resting his chin on top of your head.

It's not like you haven't seen Steve since the last time you were home. He occasionally comes and visits you at Purdue, but something about being back in Hawkins with him warms your heart. You take in the smell of his cologne and ever so slightly nuzzle into him. A cool breeze brushes past you, which, paired with the warm sun, makes for the perfect combination. You look up at Steve and admire his smile, he seems just as happy as you to be there. With the tall trees lining your street and his perfectly styled hair he looks like the subject of a painting. You wonder what on earth you did to deserve having him here holding you.

With one final squeeze, you separate as Steve eagerly ushers you towards the car.

"How was the drive?" Steve asks, opening the door for you.

"Eh, not too bad," you shrug, flopping into the passengers seat. He closes the door for you and you wait for him to join you in the car before continuing, "Getting my stuff down from my dorm was a pain in the ass"

"Why didn't you call me? I could've come and helped," Steve says, swinging his own door shut and starting the car.

"Eh, it's fine," you assure him, "I came home on kinda short notice, I didn't want to bother you"

"You wouldn't be bothering me," Steve scoffs, "It would've meant I got to see you sooner"

You smile down at your lap. You don't think you'll ever get used to the butterflies he gives you. And you have to admit, it would've been nice to have an extra set of hands. Especially when said hands are attached to one of your favorite people in the world.

"So where's this spot we're going to?" you ask, smile still plastered to your face.

"Uh... I don't really know how to explain what it is. I used to walk to it when I was a kid," Steve starts to explain, "It's a... clearing? I guess? It's near a pond and it's got lots of trees and stuff"

"You used to walk there?" you ask, "We're already pretty far out from your house"

"I mean my parents didn't really care where I was, I kinda just did whatever I wanted," Steve says with a shrug, and you feel a little twinge on your heartstrings, "I think you'll really like it"

"I'm sure I will," you reply, staring out at the already orange sky, "I like 'trees and stuff'"

Steve chuckles lightly at your teasing and keeps driving. He takes the car along a quaint little road with cute wooden fencing zipping past your line of sight. You shield your eyes as the sun quickly flashes from between the trees.

Eventually you see what he must be talking about, and you can't help but let your jaw drop. It is definitely a clearing, so he was right about that. The thing is, it's so much prettier than you expected. Tall, yellowing grass billows in the wind, a small pond sparkles in the sunshine, and the entire dell is littered with little wildflowers as far as the eye can see. But the real showstopper is the big, old, winding tree right at the center of everything. It looks like something out of a period drama or something.

It's a place fit for a proposal, honestly. Obviously not marriage, but maybe a proposal of taking the next step? Making the relationship official? You've certainly been on enough dates- all of your "hang outs" have been dates right?

"Is that it?" you ask excitedly, turning to Steve.

"Yeah," Steve says, a hint of that nervous tone he had on the phone making an appearance. He pulls into the shoulder and puts the car in park.

"How have I never seen this before?" you think out loud, "It's so close to my house!"

"I mean, it is on the edge of Hawkins, and there's really nothing exciting this way," Steve says, gesturing towards the road. He then unbuckles and opens his door to step out.

"Where are you going?" you ask him.

"We're here to watch the sunset," Steve says raising his eyebrows at you.

"We're not watching from the car?"

"No way! We gotta watch it from the tree"

Your grin grows even wider as you practically throw the car door open and make your way toward the clearing.

"Is this trespassing?" you ask, climbing the wooden fence.

Steve shrugs as he grabs your hand to help you over, "I've never gotten in trouble"

"Well that does *nothing* to calm my nerves," you laugh, jumping to the ground. You lose your balance for a moment, but Steve is right there to catch your upper arm and help set you straight.

"Thanks," you chuckle.

You look up at him and give him a smile before you both start the

small decline over to the big tree.

Steve jogs ahead of you and plants himself in front of a low hanging branch.

“Alright,” he says excitedly, before taking a big step onto it.

“We’re climbing it too?” you ask, feeling a bit nervous about your tree climbing skills.

“Yeah, gotta get a good view,” Steve says, positioning his converse to avoid slipping off the next branch, “Don’t worry I won’t let you fall”

You smile at his offer until you realize he has a teasing grin on his face. All self consciousness is abandoned at the sight of it. Ohhh it’s on now.

“Don’t worry about me Stevie,” you say with a determined smirk, “I’m sure I can manage”

Steve lets out a light chuckle as you choose a different branch than him and begin your ascent.

“You know, Jack’s a lot like you,” Steve observes, “You’re both so competitive”

You cock an eyebrow at the mention of your little brothers name.

“You spying on my brother or something?” you laugh.

“Nope, I’m his babysitter,” Steve says, hoisting himself up another branch.

“What?” you call out, eyebrows now raised, “Since when?”

“Since spring break,” Steve explains, “I ran into your moms at Radio Shack after you went back to school and they asked me to watch him every other weekend. Well, when I’m not working”

“Why you?” you chuckle, swinging your leg onto the next branch and rejoicing in the fact that you chose jeans instead of shorts.

“Well, one: they knew that we’re friends,” he gestures between the two of you, “Two: I’m one of the few people in town that knows they’re lesbians,” he stops climbing and turns around to face you as you catch up, “And three: Im a damn good babysitter”

You grin at the sight of his confident smirk.

“I’ll have to consult Jack on that last one,” you tease, earning a playful eye roll from under Steve’s sunglasses.

You’re so caught up in your amusement, you don’t realize just how close you are to him. Your noses are only about five inches apart, and you can see his pupils dilating even through the tint of his glasses. You’re sure your eyes are doing the same thing, you can’t help but melt every time you look at him.

You unconsciously start to lean in, the moment seems right for a first kiss. Steve looks at you nervously, but he seems to be feeling the same thing...

But then he quickly turns around to continue climbing instead.

“We’re almost there,” he says hastily, “C’mom”

You instantly feel your face warm. You turn away and screw your eyes shut to silently reprimand yourself. Did you totally misread what was going on here? Sure you guys have never kissed, but you could’ve sworn what you had going was more than just two friends hanging out.

You attempt to shake off that embarrassment and follow him to wherever “almost there” is.

He eventually stops scaling the tree and settles down on a large branch. It’s marked with a thin blue string that seems to be years old by the looks of the fading. There’s a branch right next to him that you decide you’ll claim.

“I don’t think I’ve ever found a tree this good for climbing,” you observe, leaning back against the trunk, “How long ago did you find this spot?” You pat the branch you’re now seated firmly on.

"5th grade I think?" Steve says, holding the faded blue string between his fingers and pulling his sunglasses down to observe it.

"It's so pretty," you say in awe as you take in the landscape. The orange sky is beginning to fade to pink as the sun steadily descends.

"Yeah, just like you," Steve says, lightly punching your leg and giving you a soft smile.

You turn to face him and give him a playful shove as you chuckle.

"I mean it!" Steve laughs back, "You think I'm joking?"

"No," you smile back at him, "I know you're not... thank you"

Steve grabs your hand from its spot beside you and intertwines his fingers with yours.

"I've never taken anybody here before," Steve says, staring out at the sun setting over the pond.

"Yeah right," you say.

Steve turns his head quickly to look at you with furrowed eyebrows.

"Do you think I'm like a pathological liar or something?" he jokes.

"Well no, but you were in love with Nancy Wheeler!" you remind him, "There's no way you didn't show her this"

"Yeah, no, I didn't take her here," Steve says with a shrug, "I don't really know why, I guess I just never thought of it"

"What made you think of it with me?"

"I guess it kinda reminds me of you," Steve says squeezing your hand, "I always got so excited to come out here after school. I'd go straight to this branch after the bell rang instead of going home. It felt a lot less lonely than an empty house"

You sigh as your face falls a bit. You shift your feet around so that you can lean on Steve's shoulder without falling. He brings your hand

into his lap and rubs his thumb gently over your skin.

"I started coming out here less and less as I got older because of basketball, and my friends, and stuff. And then I just kinda forgot about it with all the crazy shit that goes down here. But it's always here for me if I need it. Just like you are, even though you're in college and everything"

You smile and his newfound corniness and scoot just a bit closer to him.

"That, and I figured you would appreciate the view," Steve adds on, "I know you like cheesy stuff like this"

You snort before looking up at him, "You dork"

"I'm pretty sure you're the dork, with your stacks of romance books that you never actually read," Steve says, laying his head on top of yours.

"Jeez, just hit where it hurts why don't you!"

You let out your last few giggles before continuing to silently watch the sunset.

"Y/n?," Steve says, nudging your leg with his knee.

"Hm?" you hum, not taking your eyes off of the purple clouds.

"So, we've been... dating for a while now," Steve starts, taking off his sunglasses and hanging them on the collar of his shirt. You feel a smile come over your face at his use of the term 'dating', "I'm... kinda falling for you. Like hard."

You let your grin widen as you squeeze his hand, your heart practically beating out of your chest.

"Then why didn't you let me kiss you, like two minutes ago?" you ask gesturing to the branches below you, attempting to keep your cool.

"Because I had a plan," Steve says, almost defensively, "And part of that plan was making sure we were in this spot when I kissed you"

Since when was Steve a planner? Maybe he just wanted this to be perfect just like a stories you talk to him about. You lift your head from his shoulder and look down at your connected hands.

“Well... we’re here. So kiss me,” you beam.

Steve lets go of your hand in favor of cupping your jaw and swiftly connects his lips to yours. It’s passionate, almost desperate in a way, yet somehow so gentle. It’s like he’s pouring out months of pent up emotions into the kiss, but he’s afraid of being too rough.

You shift your feet once again to move closer to him. You bring his free hand to your waist and snake your arms up and over his shoulders. Steve pulls you closer by the small of your back and you deepen the kiss, running your fingers through his hair. You separate slightly for air every now and then, but dive right back into each others lips with no hesitation. You can feel him smile into the kiss and you do the same before pulling back and looking into his eyes.

“I liked that plan,” you say.

“Well actually, there’s one more step. If the kiss went well, I was gonna ask you to be my girlfriend,” Steve says sheepishly, rubbing small circles on your side with his thumb, “Did it go well?”

“I’d say so,” you laugh.

You’re on the edge of your seat- well, branch- to hear him say the words.

“So, will you be my girlfriend then?”

“Of course,” you say placing a long kiss on his cheek, “I’ve been dying for you to ask”

Steve smiles as you lean into him once again. His lips stay planted on yours for a while longer than before. He places a few chaste kisses on your jaw and neck, and you feel a shiver run down your spine as he pecks the spot just below your ear. He moves his lips back up to yours and fully wraps his arms around you as you sigh into him.

The kiss slowly stops as he plants his forehead on yours and looks

you in the eyes once again.

“We should probably head back,” he suggests quietly.

You realize just how dark it’s gotten and nod in response. With one last peck, you help each other down the way you came, and arrive back on solid ground with no issues.

Steve hops down from the last branch and turns to face you, a strand of his hair hanging between his eyes. You fix it for him as he straightens out his shirt.

“Thanks,” he grins.

He smiles at you for a moment before pulling you toward him by your belt loops. You giggle as you press your hands to his chest to catch yourself. You stare up at those long dark lashes and decide that one more kiss couldn’t hurt. Your lips are just about to brush against his when you’re interrupted by a gruff voice, causing you to yelp.

“What in the sam heck do you kids think you’re doing?!” the voice calls from the trees.

Without missing a beat, Steve grabs you by the hand and races back to the car, yanking you along behind him.

“Who is that??” you ask.

“I don’t know, just run!”

You practically hurdle over the fence and Steve hastily unlocks his car. You scramble into your seats and take off without bothering to buckle up.

You look over at Steve and the two of you burst out laughing.

“We were totally trespassing weren’t we?” you smile, a hand clutched to your chest.

“I guess so,” Steve laughs, with wide eyes, “Out of all the times I’ve come here, of course I only get caught when I bring you”

“Makes for a fun story I guess,” you say, still panting as you try to catch your breath.

“Yeah Im sure your moms will be thrilled to hear that this is how I asked their daughter out,” he says, rubbing a hand down his face with a sheepish smile.

“I’ll just leave the law breaking out,” you say, taking his hand away from his jaw and holding it in your own. Steve looks over at you, and you see his pupils dilate once more as you open your mouth to continue, “If they’re anything like me, I’m sure they’ll be thrilled to hear about the cheesy stuff”

Author's Note:

yikes i struggle so much with ending my fics 🤔
thanks for reading! as always, constructive criticism
is always welcome and please be sure to leave kudos
if you enjoyed :)